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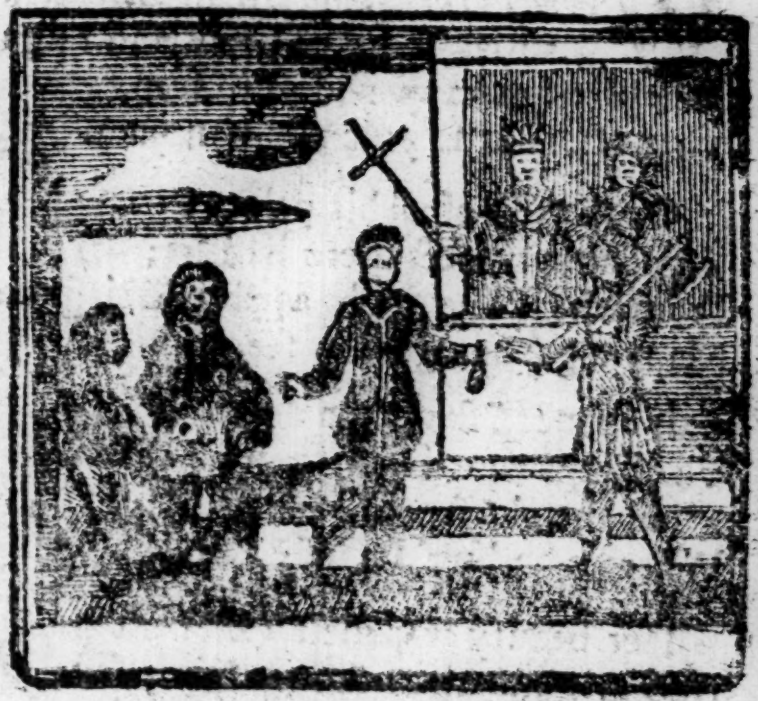
King David and Bathsheba's

GARLAND,

Containing,

Two excellent SONGS.

1. King David and Bathsheba.
2. The general Toast.



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MUSEUM

King David and Bathſheba.

WHEN David in Jeruſalem,
As royal king did rule and reign,
Behold what happened unto him,
That afterwards procur'd him pain.

On the top of all his palace,
A gallant proſpect there had he;
From whence he might as pleas'd his grace
Many a gallant garden ſee.

It chanced ſo upon a day,
The King went forth to take the air;
All in the pleaſant month of May,
Whereas he 'ſpy'd a lady fair.

Her beauty was moſt excellent
And brighter than the morning ſun;
By which the King in continent,
Was to her favour quickly won.

She ſtood within a pleaſant bower,
All naked for to waſh her there;

Her body like a lilly-flower,
Was covered with her ſilken hair.

The king was wounded with her love,
And what ſhe was he did require;
He could not his affections move,
He had in her ſuch great deſire.

She is Uriah's wife quoth they,
A captain of your princely train;
That in your wars is now away,
And ſhe doth all alone remain.

Then ſaid the King bring her to me,
For with her love my heart is ſlain;
The prince of beauty ſure is ſhe,
For whom I do great grief ſuſtain.

The ſervants they do ſoon prepare,
To do the meſſage of the King;
And Bethſheba that lady fair,
Unto the court did quickly bring.

The king rejoiced at her ſight,
And won her love and laid her by,
When they in ſport had ſpent the night,
And that the ſun had riſen high.

The King his leave moſt kindly took,
'Till that three months were gone & paſt,

And then again he did return,
And that with wonderous ſpeed and haſte

And then in Bathſheba ſo fair,
She found her former health exil'd;
By certain tokens that ſhe ſaw,
The King had gotten her with child.

Then to the King ſhe made her moan,
And told him how the caſe did ſtand,
The King ſent for her huſband home
To cloak the matter out of hand.

When from the camp Uriah came,
The King receiv'd him courteouſly,
Demanding how all things did frame,
Concerning of the enemy.

Uriah ſhewed his highneſs all,
The accidents of war-like ſtrife;
Then ſaid the King this night you ſhall,
Keep company with your own wife.

The ark of God, Uriah ſaid,
With Judah's hoſt and Iſrael;
Keep in the field and not a man,
Within the houſe where they doth dwell.

Then ſhould I take my eaſe quoth he,
In bed of down with my fair wife;

O King, he ſaid, that may not be,
So long as I enjoy my life.

Then did the king a letter frame,
To Joab, General of the hoſt;
And by Uriaq ſent the ſame,
But certainly his life it coſt.

And when the King for certain knew,
Uriah thus had murdered been;
Fair Bathſheba to the court he drew,
And made of her his Royal Queen.

Then God that ſaw this wicked deed,
Was angry at King David's ſin;
The prophet Nathan then with ſpeed,
Came thus complaining unto him.

O David ponder what I ſay,
A great abuſe I ſhall you tell;
For thou that rul'ſt in equity,
Should ſee the people ruled well.

Two men within the city dwell,
The one is rich the other poor:
The rich in cattle doth excel,
The other nothing hath in ſtore.

Saving one little ſilly ſheep,
Which young he did with money buy,

With his own bread he did it feed,
Amongſt his children tenderly.

The rich man had a ſtranger came
Unto his houſe that lov'p him dear;
The poor man's ſheep therefore he took
And thereof made his friend good cheer.

Becauſe that he his own would ſave,
He us'd the man moſt cruelly;
Then by the Lord the King did ſwear,
The rich man for that fault ſhall die.

Thou art the man the prophet ſaid,
The princely crown God gave to thee;
The Lord's wife thou thy own haſt made
And many more of fair beauty.

Why haſt thou ſo defil'd thy life,
And ſlain Uriah with the ſword;
And taken home his wedded wife,
Regarding not God's holy word.

Therefore behold thus ſaith the Lord
Great wars upon thy houſe ſhall be;
Becauſe thou haſt my laws abhorr'd,
Much I'll be ſure I'll caſt on thee.

I'll take thy wives before thy face,
And give them to thy neighbour's uſe;

And thou thereby ſhall reap diſgrace,
For man ſhall laugh at thy abuſe.

Then David cried out piteouſly,
Sure I have ſinned againſt the Lord;
In mercy therefore look on me,
Let not my prayers be abhorr'd.

But as the prophet told to him,
So did it after chance indeed;
For God did greatly plague his ſin,
As in the bible you may read.

The ſcourge of ſin thus you may ſee,
For murder and adultery;
And grant that we may warned be,
Such crying ſins to ſhun and flee.

General Toaſt, a new Song.

HERE's *to the maid of baſhful fifteen,*
Likewiſe to the matron of fifty,
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the houſewife that's thrifty.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs

Here's to the maiden who's dimples I prize,
Likewiſe to her that has none, ſir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here's to her that's but one ſir.
Let the toaſt. &c.

Here's to the maid with a boſom of ſnow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toaſt, &c.

Let her be clumſy or let her be ſlim.
Young or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper, boys up to the brim,
And e'en let us toaſt them together.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

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FINIS.